

The Weekly Expositor.

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BROCKWAY CENTER, MICH.

The French minister of war, Mons. de Freycinet, has obtained a grant of \$180,000,000, which will be chiefly expended in fortifying the northern frontiers of France. This means beyond question that France calculates upon the annexation of Holland by Germany as soon as the breath is out of the old king's body. Bismarck has already given what diplomats call a protocol to declare intentions. He has signified that Luxembourg will be admitted into the German Zollverein, and he has refused permission to the old duke of Nassau, the heir presumptive, to abdicate his rights in favor of his son. By declaring their intention to fortify their northern boundary the French like the high minded nation they are, make proclamation that they will not annex part of Belgium in compensation for Germany's too probable annexation of Holland. Therefore they cannot leave their northern frontier defenceless, for a German army of occupation in Holland could march to Paris in a week if there were not lines of fortification at important points, connected by strategic railways. The French are praying that there will be time given them for the work, and this depends largely upon the vital thread of the king of Holland which is already within the shears of Atropos. If they are ready they will not be molested; if they are not molested they will have a grand exhibition; if they have a grand exhibition many citizens of the United States propose to have a good time in Paris. So that we all have a personal interest in the fate of the king of Holland.

Those who think the German Emperor's order for the expulsion of all French cooks from his palace is to show his enmity to France are mistaken, as it probably springs from his preference for the good old dishes of the Fatherland. In New York, where there is certainly no repulsion to France, and an idolatry of French art, there has been all the same a revolt from French dishes, and the most popular restaurants are Italian. The day of French culinary has gone by in almost every European country, even in Spain, which follows the lead of France in so many things. Every hotel in Madrid has interpolated into the menu dishes of Spanish origin, such as puchero and various ollas. Frederick the Great was a passionate admirer of French civilization, and made it court etiquette to speak French, to read French literature in preference to German, to dress in French style, and to eat French dishes. His descendants have adopted a healthier standard, a manly Germanism, which deserves imitation, not censure; and in stimulating this Bismarck has shown himself a true patriot, and has rendered an inestimable service to his countrymen.

The native Samoan is described as of a bright copper color, tall of stature, inclined to robustness, possessed of stupendous strength and endurance and very chivalrous. The women are of medium height, finely formed, with beautiful faces and dark, soft eyes. The Samoans are said to be models of virtue and industry. More than half the population are Christians, who read their bible and live up to its teachings. Their greatest of all ceremonies is the courtship and wedding. The government of Samoa is a limited monarchy, invested in a king and two assemblies, called a "Fono." The members of these two bodies represent villages and localities all over the islands. Each village, also, has a chief, who governs by right of birth.

A granite figure of Captain Miles Standish is to be erected on the old Standish farm at Duxbury, Mass. The monument will be fifteen feet high, and will represent Standish in the full military dress of the colonial period. The original homestead was destroyed by fire in 1666, but another house was erected by his son in 1667, near the spot. The land was given to him by the colony in 1630, and always remained in the family until the middle of the last century. The hill where the monument will stand is 180 feet high and commands a fine view of Plymouth and Duxbury harbors, and is a landmark to navigators entering Massachusetts bay. It is estimated that the monument will cost \$75,000.

The students at Montreal who went on a strike because a classmate was expelled find themselves in an undesirable position. They expected that after a few days they would be coaxed by the college authorities to return to their studies. As their expectations were not realized, they asked to be readmitted, but have been refused.

WALKING THE ROPE.

Blondin Writes About Himself and His Risky Profession.

From Blondin's paper in Lippincott's Magazine it can be learned that a rope walker is like a poet, born and not made. I myself, he says, began to toddle along a rope when I was only four years old, and in my eighth year I gave a special exhibition on the high rope before the King at Turin. It is a usual thing, no doubt, for the apprentices in a circus to be taught rope walking among their other lessons, but only a few of them ever got beyond the rudiments of the art: The usual system of teaching is to make the pupil walk along a narrow board the width of which is daily decreased until it is barely thicker than an ordinary rope. Posturing the assumption of graceful attitudes are taught in this manner and finally the pupil is introduced to the rope itself.

The apparatus which a leading rope walker uses appears in the public eye to be simple enough, but in reality it has to be constructed and arranged with the greatest of care. The rope I generally use is formed with a flexible core of steel wire, covered with the best Manila hemp, and is about an inch and three-quarters in diameter. It is several hundred yards in length, and the cost may be \$500. The rope is coiled from either end on two large windlasses, and when supported by two high poles the windlasses are turned until the rope is stretched perfectly taut. It takes me, as a rule, several days to adjust this simple apparatus to perfection—a fact which caused me to abandon my performances at Staten Island, where it was necessary to remove the rope after each exhibition. At the top of each pole is a small platform, for the purpose of resting; and on one of these platforms I usually place a temporary dressing-room, where I can make necessary changes in my attire. I may mention here that the suit of armor in which I first appear is of great weight and exquisite workmanship, the gauntlets having once belonged to the celebrated tenor, Mario. As a rule, my other costumes are of the least possible weight, while the shoes are an ordinary pair of fine leather ones, with soft soles. It is, I think, a popular error to suppose that a rope walker's feet are exceptionally large or muscular. Mine, I am told, are rather below than above the ordinary size.

The balancing-pole, I suppose, fairly comes within the classification of apparatus. In my own case it is made of ash, is about twenty-six feet long, and weighs some forty or fifty pounds. It is made in three pieces, so as to be easily taken apart and to occupy but little space when I am traveling. Naturally, my journeys into every quarter of the civilized world have taught me to reduce my baggage to the smallest possible dimensions; but, as it is, I am forced to carry a great deal, and when I visited Australia years ago I remember I carried over sixty tons of baggage with me.

I am often asked as to my sensations when walking the rope; but if by that is meant whether I feel fear or nervousness, I must answer decidedly in the negative. When walking I look some eighteen or twenty feet ahead of me, and whistle softly or hum a snatch of a song, as the humor may seize me. I also invariably keep time in my step to the music the band is playing, and I find that helps me wonderfully in preserving my balance. With my own weight and that of the balancing pole, there must be about 230 pounds bearing on the rope, which naturally gives considerably, this sagging being one of the chief difficulties we have to encounter in keeping our balance. I prefer to perform in the open air; for in a hall or a theater, even of the largest dimensions, the vitiated air found at the elevation at which my rope is always stretched is most unpleasant to breathe.

Nowadays I never practice, and even my most difficult tricks, such as turning a somersault over a chair placed in the middle of the rope and landing with my feet on the other side of it, are usually performed without premeditation, just as the whim seizes me. This enables me without effort to vary programmes at every performance, and prevents them from becoming monotonous to me. I could remain a year, or even longer, without ever setting foot on a rope and then go on and tread it as safely as though I had been in constant practice. As an illustration of the slight amount of practice I require for a new trick, I may mention my bicycle act. Some years ago, when bicycles were somewhat of a novelty, it struck me that I could utilize one in my performance, and according to my directions, with a groove in the wheels to fit the rope, but otherwise of ordinary fashion. I ordered it to be sent to me some time before the performance, so that I could try it, but it came just as I was making to appear. I was as pleased as a child with a new toy, and, mounting it at once, I rehearsed successfully in view of a large audience, who probably thought I had been practicing for months.

I never take any stimulant before walking the rope, and take no special pains to keep myself in good condition. My attendant rubs me down carefully when my journey is ended, and then I take some light refreshment. Otherwise I only live plainly and regularly, merely avoiding eating a heavy meal shortly before a performance. Finally, I may say that I prefer exhibiting without a net stretched below me. I think it would make me so nervous as almost to lead to the accident against which it is intended as a safe guard.

If I myself do not feel nervous, I am afraid the many persons I have carried on my back across the rope have felt a trifle perturbed, save when they have professional assistants. In reality there is nothing in the world for them to be afraid of. All they have to do is sit perfectly still, refrain from clutching me too tightly around the neck, and leave the rest to me. When I am carrying any one over for the first time, I chat to him continuously on any different subjects I can think about, and try in this manner to relieve his anxiety, and I always caution him against looking downward when in mid

air. Somehow, though, he never seems quite happy, and I always detect a gasp of relief when the end of the rope and the platform are reached. More than once the victim has devoutly exclaimed: "Never again!"

FORTY YEARS AN ACTOR.

Comedian Florence Tells of His Newspaper Career Before Going on the Stage.

"How long have you been on the stage, Mr. Florence?"

"Well, sir, the 10th of next month will make it forty years. I am fifty-seven years old, and began when I was quite young. Before going on the stage I did some work as a reporter on the New York Sun, and I guess I wrote the first newspaper interview ever written. I will tell you the story, provided you don't print it. I was barely sixteen years old, and my duty consisted in going to the hotels and copying the arrivals. There were then but four principal hotels, and my task was not a very difficult one. I was also expected to watch the Tombs Court and make a note of any important fact without any comment whatsoever. Well, Mr. Pellet, the city editor, had heard that ex-Gov. Marshall was at the Howard House and directed me to go and find out something about his movements. I undertook it. After lounging around the office for awhile I marched boldly upstairs. A big nigger, who, strange to say, did not know me, caught me by the seat of the pantaloons and the nape of the neck and slung me downstairs, after having bumped me around against the wall for several minutes. However, I had picked up a few pointers from the clerk, and went to my mother's residence and wrote my interview. Having finished it, I strode back to the Sun office—the building now occupied by the Commercial Advertiser—stepped boldly up to Mr. Pellet's desk and laid down my manuscript. It would have made about two sticks, and oh! I was so proud of it. I could hear my heart throb with anxiety. Mr. Pellet read it and scowled. He walked across the room and showed it to Mr. Beach, the managing editor, who also read it and scowled. My soul sank within me. I saw them take my precious 'first effort,' tear it up and drop the pieces into the waste basket. My hopes were thoroughly blighted. I had proudly done the writing in my mother's presence, and she shared in my ambition to see the 'article' in print, as up to that time I had only been allowed to take notes. When I saw the fruit of my labor and anxiety, to say nothing of the big nigger at the hotel, thus wantonly destroyed, I was literally crushed, and my first thought was, What will mother think? The editor turned to me and said, 'Mr. Florence (the boys all called me Billy), Mr. Florence is this the best you can do? Go down to the Tombs and copy the docket.' I was no longer satisfied to be a journalist; it was evidently not my size.

"Forty years on the stage is a long time. I might have been rich and able to retire, but I am not. Many of my friends say to me, 'Florence, why don't you quit this? Why don't you retire?' They don't seem to think that I don't have to, as the boys say. I guess they think I'm doing this for fun, and hauling my wife about the country in dusty, stifling cars, going into cold theatres and third-rate hotels, traveling all night without sleep, &c. Great fun! I tell you I have to do it, though I think there are many years of good work in me yet. I am in fine health and really don't mind the hard work. I wish to present a few more characters that I have in mind before the curtain goes down."

Speaking of "Heart of Hearts," Mr. Florence said: "It is a delightful little story and never fails to chain the attention of an audience. Many claim that it does not put Mrs. Florence and myself forward as it should. That may be true to some extent, but it brings out the calibre of the entire company in splendid fashion and never fails to please."—EX.

Torn to Pieces by a Tiger.

The shocking death of a female tamer of wild beasts is reported from Hohenmuth, in Bohemia. She was a girl twenty-six years old, named Bertha Baumgartner. During a public performance in a strolling menagerie she entered an empty cage, and the door of an adjoining cage was then opened to let a lion and a Bengal tiger enter. The lion walked in quietly, but the tiger, a ferocious beast, which had three times wounded its keepers, crouched in the doorway and showed temper. The girl lost nerve, cried for help, and slipped. As she did so the tiger made a spring, bit her on the shoulder, then in the throat, literally rent her to pieces, and tossed her body about. Half the audience ran to the doors in horror, while the attendants tried to beat off the tiger by poking hot irons into the cage. But the girl was dead long before the animal was driven away. The lion seems to have been as much frightened as the human spectators, for he took no part in the carnage.—Vienna Despatch to London Times.

The Prize Cattle of England.

The champion beast in England is a splendid Devon steer, whose sire rejoices in the popular name of Gladstone, and which belongs to a Norwich man, but which was bred at Tavistock. Just under three years of age, this animal tips the beam at 150 hundredweight and a quarter. How does that look, says the patriotic visitor, for the roast beef of old England? At the Birmingham show last week the judges proclaimed this steer the best of its breed they had seen, and the Islington wise men have crowded the edifice of Gladstone's fame by the supreme award of all, to say nothing of being first in his class, best of his breed, and the best male in the show. When I looked at him yesterday he did not seem much affected by all this honor; but I am afraid he will be rather out of before long. His closest rival was a black Scotch heifer from Ross-shire, pronounced a little beauty, and awarded a £500 cup as the best lady in the show.—London Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

A Panther Vanished and Devoured by Wild Hogs.

A letter from Cherry Gap, N. C., to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Nick Smith, the old North Mountain hunter and trapper, who lives in a cave of the mountain in its deepest fastness, came here a few days since, and is still here. I have diligently pried him with questions and listened to his stories until I have enough to fill an octavo volume. One of them, the story of a fight between wild hogs and a panther, I will tell in his own language as near as possible:

"'About ten years ago, nears I kin recollect, I was huntin' on top of North Mountain, about twenty miles from here. I had killed a big buck an' had jest finished skinnin' him when I heard the squealin' uv a drove of wild hogs. You kin bet I jest hung that buck up in a tree quick as I could, for them critters is the pryenest things an' the meanest ye ever saw. Why, if they get mad they'll tackle anything. Well, I hed jes' got my deer safe when I heard them squealin' an' a-squealin' an' a-gruntin'. I hed to hunt a safe place myself, for there wuz no use a-shootin' one where there's maybe forty. If I killed one I'd had to kill 'em all; they'd never leave long as one of 'em wuz alive. I throwed the gun strap over my shoulder an' took to a good-sized tree about twenty yards from where I hung the deer."

"'Them hogs put in an appearance just as I got into a big limb about fifteen feet above the ground. They wuz led by two big boars, and wuz twenty-nine uv 'em all told. They smelt the blood an' the deer, rooted up the leaves and ground with their long noses, an' tore around generally until they found the tree where the deer wuz hung. Just about this time I heard something jumpin' from tree to tree on the lower side of the rise, an' purty soon I saw the long, slim body of the biggest panther I ever saw jump onto a limb uv a tree about seven or eight yards from the limb the deer wuz hung on. Then hogs had't yer winded the panther, an' they kept up such a racket squealin' an' gruntin' that they hed't leaved him. The panther didn't see the cogs until he struck the last tree, when he wuz almost over them. He jest laid himself out full length on the limb an' watched them, all the time slowly wavin' his tail back an' forth an' showin' his teeth. He know'd he had to git the meat while it wuz in the tree or hev the light uv his life fur it if it got to the ground."

"'After a bit the panther seemed to make up his mind, for he got his feet under him an' squatted. I tell ye, stranger, that wuz a purty jump. The panther jest sailed through the air an' landed plump on the limb over the deer. When the panther struck the limb the hogs quit squealin' and tearin' round and formed themselves in a ring with the body uv the deer in the center above them. They began to foam at the mouth an' snap their tusks. What a noise they made! They was the maddest an' awfulest lookin' animals I ever saw. All this time the panther wuz tryin' to haul the deer up to him with his paw, but every time he'd git the deer swung partly round the slinews with which he wuz fastened to the limb wud make it slip back. Purty soon the panther seemed to see the trouble, for he grabbed the buck with one paw, while he reached down and bit the deer lose. There's where the panther made the biggest mistake of his life, for he couldn't hold the deer when the fastenin' was cut and in spite uv him it tore loose from his claws an' fell right in the middle of the drove of hogs. They jumped on it and tore it into pieces quicken I kin tell ye."

"'The panther was so mad that he lost his judgment, or he wouldn't hev done sich a foolish thing as he did, for he gave one snarl an' wuz among them hogs in a second, knockin' two uv them over as he landed. Then there wuz a fight. The hogs quit the deer an' went fur the panther. Now he wuz down an' then up. Over went a hog ripped wide open, here, while there another got a wip with that big paw which made him see stars. But the hogs wasn't idle, by no means. They ripped and tore the panther fore an' aft. There wuz a dozen long cuts on his sides an' legs, an' his body wuz covered with blood. Sich snarlins, screamin', squealin', rippin' an' tearin' I never did see. In less than I kin tell it, eleven uv them hogs wuz laid out an' two or three more wuz hurt; but the panther wuz purty near knocked, too. He wuz layin' on his back, an' every time a hog got in reach of his claws he wud give him a rip which wud knock that hog out, at least for awhile. One hog got caught by the throat by the panther, but that wuz his last act, for one uv the boars drove his long tusks into the panther's belly an' literally ripped him wide open from one end to the other, an' in less than three seconds that panther wuz tore into pieces. The hogs took up the pieces, bones an' all, an' crushed 'em ground them till nothing could be seen of the animal big enough to make a gun-wad. Then wuz a battle, sure. There wuz about fifteen dead hogs and six or eight tore an' gashed from snout to tail. I don't believe a single one escaped some injury. But the livin' ones, whether wounded or not, jist kept tearin' round till they cleaned up what wuz left of the deer an' panther."

"'I hed set my gun on that limb an' watched the fight until it wuz finished an' never thought of my gun, an' if I hed I don't believe I wud hev used it; but now that it wuz over I knew I'd hev to kill the rest of the hogs or stay in the tree all night, so I commenced on them an' killed the last one of them. After the first shot the living ones surrounded my tree and tried to get at me, and they stayed all night there till I keeled over the last one. After I hed cleaned them out I started for home, an' for the first time in a long while got there without any meat."

Fair, Forty and a Lobbyist.

Here comes a "fine figure of a woman," as one of Dickens's characters would say, sweeping by in silk and genuine seal fur. Her age probably ranges between forty and forty-five; her figure is particularly embonpoint, but

her face is rosy with health and her features still preserve the stamp of beauty. Her eyes are big and gray, scintillating under the flashes of dark eyelashes and brows, and were her attire less pronounced she would be styled elegant. This lady enters the reception-room and sends her card to several members, who at once respond, and soon she is surrounded by a coterie of conscript fathers, vying with each other in playing the gallant. She jests and jokes with them all, inviting them to call at her residence, and after having played her cards adroitly leaves the capital in a well-appointed coupe, with driver in livery. Sometimes she is accompanied by her daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen, and a splendid type of the blonde.

This lady is a professional lobbyist, and piles her vocation with marked success. Whispers in the air are heard occasionally in criticism of her private character from those of her own sex, but neither man nor woman has ever brought forward an accusation direct and positive, so far as is generally known. She has had her fingers, however, in many a congressional pie, whereof she received a slight of greater or lesser proportions, and no one is more thoroughly posted in the avenues and channels of legislation. She obtains a copy of every bill introduced and of the reports thereon, and if the game be worth the candle, hunts up its history and parentage. Then when the case is thoroughly digested she offers to make or mar, as the case may be, wherever the best financial opportunity is presented, and her efforts are usually attended with success. She is shrewd, and gathers honey from every honey-bearing flower.

Government and Constitution.

All the way along our national career we find the people divided over the question of federal authority—some favoring its liberal extension, others demanding that it be held carefully in check. The right of the government to construct or aid internal improvements—such as the building of national roads, the opening of waterways and the improvement of navigable streams—to charter national banks and carry out other great measures, has been fought step by step; and for this reason the later amendments to the constitution, to guard as far as possible against new doubts or conflicts, expressly confer upon the government the power to enforce the provisions of such amendments. As there are people to-day who believe that the government has far exceeded its true province, so there are others who believe it has not gone far enough. It is suggested, for instance, that the government should build ship canals and take charge of the railroads, of the telegraph and a variety of other great interests, and manage them for the common benefit of the people, and that, if it does not possess sufficient power under the constitution as it stands, amendments should be adopted giving it more power. It will surprise no one at all familiar with the subject to be told that the government is doing things which, under the constitution, it ought not to do; and, on the other hand, that it is not doing things which, under the constitution, it ought to do. And those who blindly demand an increase of power would do well to first understand the power it actually wields to-day. That amendments will be adopted in the course of time cannot be doubted; for new conditions provoke new questions. But they are serious affairs. They should be made with caution. The person who would offer a change or addition to the constitution to meet every trivial or passing topic of the day is not a safe adviser of the people.—St. Nicholas.

The Pretty Girls of Ireland.

The Irish ladies are perhaps the prettiest in the wide world, always excepting our fair cousins, the Yankee belles. Their features, it is true, are less regular than those of English women, but they triumph over them with their soft, creamy complexions, their large, appealing gray-blue eyes and long lashes, and a sort of indelible charm and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners. "Every third Irish woman," wrote the Queen in her diary when last visiting the country, "is beautiful, and some of them remarkably so. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely." Apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the gentle grace and dignity of the wives and daughters of the English lords and gentlemen of the Emerald Isle. Go where you will, I defy you to find an Irish woman who is otherwise than naturally distinguished—the very barmaids being superior in bearing and speech to many English duchesses. The list of beauties is a long one, and looking back we can recall histories of the extraordinary loveliness of the three Miss Gunnings, who when they came up to London, had actually to be escorted in Hyde Park by a guard of soldiers sent by the order of the secretary of state, so overwhelmingly was the crowd pressing upon them. Then there was Lady Denny, Lady Cairn, Lady Clare and many others, to say nothing of the present young Duchess of Leinster, one of the most attractive women of this or any other day.—Correspondence of the San Francisco Chronicle.

Mrs. McKay's Gorgeous Nurse.

One of the striking figures to be seen every pleasant afternoon upon our broad promenades is the foreign nurse of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McKay's little tot of a daughter. She presents quite an imposing spectacle in her long, full cloak of dark blue cloth, bordered with a band of red, and her head, surmounted with a Russian bonnet head-dress of puffed white tulle, from which extend down the back to the edge of the skirt two sash breadth ribbons of scarlet moire, while by her side trots the dainty white-robed figure of the infant, all unconscious of the many curious glances directed towards them. But then Washington is a city of strange sights, and even the German Minister's novel turnout, with gaudy coachman in glittering regimentals and floating yellow plume, has ceased to attract attention except from an occasional stranger in our metropolis.—Washington Post.

ABOUT GENERAL TALENT.

Why Persons Endowed With It Hardly Ever Make a Mark in History.

The progress of the world in valuable knowledge has been in all ages mainly due to men in whom one faculty dominated the rest and determined the profession or pursuit of the individual. To the accumulated discoveries and inventions of such men, says the New York Ledger, we owe all the glories of civilization. Rousseau said rightly that it was better to be great in one of the arts or sciences than conversant with many. He meant that it was better for the individual—for his interests, his reputation; but it is also better for mankind. Had Newton's faculties been on a par one with another; had he possessed what is called a "balanced mind," he had never discovered the principle of gravitation or written the Principia. It was because one mental attribute overtopped and overshadowed all the others, compelling them to its uses, that he achieved such wonderful triumphs in abstract science.

Men of general talent, who possess no salient faculty directing them to one special subject of study and research, seldom make their mark in the history of their own times, and never achieve enduring fame. They shine in society, they are popular, they are useful in their day and generation, but they add little to the golden store of knowledge to which men who are great in particular branches of science and art are continually contributing new and inestimable treasures. These latter rarely possess the social qualities most prized by the world at large. They are absent, taciturn, reserved. The gray and thoughtful vote them dull and uncompanionable, perhaps; but remember they are thinking for all time, for all humanity.

If a great philosopher happen to boil his watch while he holds the egg in his hand to time the cooking, or to take up his pretty wife's finger and use it as a tobacco-stopper, as Newton is said to have done with a young lady's, let us, before we ridicule such eccentricities, recollect how the absent mind was employed—what reaches it was making after hidden things, what mysteries it was unravelling, what important practical truths it was deducing from objects which the million pass with unobtrusive eyes.

We take it to be a principle in rational education, that the master faculty, when it leads to the useful, or the beautiful, in science or art, should always be cultivated. Nature gives to one man a talent and a predilection for natural science; to another a faculty and taste for mechanics; to a third a genius for poetry; and it is impossible to make the poet a shining light in mathematics or chemistry, or the chemist or mathematician an epic poet.

Large City Needs.

There are localities in every one of our great cities, says the Christian Union, that are the suburbs of hell. Post-mortem preaching in hades would have as much hope as preaching in some of these localities while we do nothing to improve them. There ought to be straightway organized in New York city a company with at least \$1,000,000 capital to erect either in New York city tenements, or in the vicinity, cottages which would make possible a decent home for men of incomes not exceeding \$1.50 a day.

What democratic America needs is a democratic Christianity. We cannot travel to heaven in first-class and second-class coaches. Our schools are democratic, our conveyances are democratic, our theaters are democratic; it is only our churches that keep Dives and Lazarus apart. The rich and poor meet together except when they pretend to reflect that the Lord is the maker of them all; then they separate to worship him. * * * Ecclesiastical soap-houses can not take the place of Christian churches.

If workmen are able to form their own primaries, organize their own labor unions, direct the affairs of their own lodges, they are not incompetent to govern their own churches. * * * The babe can not grow until the umbilical cord is cut. What we want in our churchless wards is churches not missionary chapels. * * * The poor resent patronage; are jealous of their independence; but covet sympathy and fellowship, and they are right. Whatever refuses them fellowship and offers them patronage is rejected, and such rejection is to their honor.

They Were Circumspet.

He held her hand—why should he not? The maid did not object; They were alone, the light was low— They both were circumspet. He pressed it, too—of course he did; What mortal man would not? She sat quite still, she did not scream, Or flee the hated spot. He bent his head and she bent hers, And that which then befell This youthful pair you'll have to guess, For I shall never tell.—Somerville Journal.

No Tox-tious Insects, Serpents or Plants.

While discussing venomous reptiles it will perhaps not be out of place to add a little information which seems to me remarkable, and which will be news to nearly all who live east of the mountains. When I arrived on Puget Sound I was informed that there were neither poisonous serpents, insects nor plants on the shores or islands of the sound. Having never seen a place entirely devoid of poisonous animal or vegetable life I was rather inclined to doubt the assertion, though assured by many old settlers, as well as new, that such was the case. However, a careful investigation since then has convinced me that it is true. In all my hunting and fishing expeditions I have never seen a specimen of poisonous reptile, insect or plant. I notice an entire absence of both poison oak and ivy, which I have heretofore encountered wherever I have been. As far as I can learn, what I have said in regard to Puget Sound also holds true of all the country lying west of the Cascade range.—Forest and Stream.